

The Historie

Prin. What saist thou, mistress quickly: how doeth thy husband? I loue him well, he is an honest man.

Hof. Good my Lord, heare me.

Fals. Prethee let her alone, and list to me.

Prin. What saist thou, Iacke?

Fals. The other night, I fell asleepe here, behind the Arras, and had my pocket pickt: this house is turn'd bawdy house, they picke pockets.

Prin. What didst thou lose, Iacke?

Fals. Wilt thou beleue me, Hal: three or foure bonds of forcie pound a peece, and a seale ring of my grandfathers.

Prin. A trifle, some eight penie matter.

Hof. So I told him, my Lord, and I said, I heard your grace say so: & my lord, he speakes most vilely of you, like a foule mouth'd man, as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

Prin. What he did not?

Hof. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fals. There's no more faith in thee, then a stued prune, nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawn foxe, and for womanhood, maid mariö may be the deputies wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Hof. Say, what thing, what thing?

Fals. What thing? why a thing to thanke God on.

Hof. I am nothing to thanke God on, I would thou shouldst know it, I am an honest mans wife, and setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.

Fals. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Hof. Say, what beast, thou knaue thou?

Fals. What beast? why, an Otter.

Prince. Ah Otter, sir Iohn? why an Otter?

Fals. Why? shee's neither fish nor flesh, a man knowes not where to haue her.

Hof. Thou art an vniust man, in saying so, thou or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

Prin. Thou sayst true, Hostesse, and hee flanders thee most grossely.

Hof. So he doeth you, my Lord, and sayd this other day, You ought

of Henry the fourth.

ought him a thousand pound.

Prin. Sirra, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fals. A thousand pound, Hal: a million: thy loue is worth a million: thou owest me thy loue.

Hof. Nay, my Lord, he cald you Iacke, and saide hee would cudgel you.

Fals. Did I, Bardol?

Bar. Indeed, sir Iohn, you sayd so.

Fals. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

Prin. I say 'tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fals. Why, Hal: Thou knowest as thou art but man I dare, but as thou art prince, I feare thee as I feare the roaring of the Lyons whelpe.

Prin. And why not as the Lyon?

Fals. The king himselfe is to be feared as the Lion: dost thou thinke ile feare thee, as I feare thy father? nay, and I doe, I pray God my girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it should, howe would thy guts fall, about thy knees: but sirra, there's no roome for faith, truth, nor honestie, in this bosome of thine. It is all fill'd vp with guttes, and midriffe. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket? why, thou hore son impudent imbostrascall, if there were any thing in thy pocket, but tauerne reckonings, memorandums of bawdy houses, and one poore peniworth of Sugar-candie to make thee long winded: if thy pocket were inricht with any other iniuries but these, I am a villaine; and yet you will stand to it, you wil not pocket vp wrong: art thou not ashamed?

Fals. Dost thou heare, Hal: thou knowest in the state of innocencie Adam fell, & what should poore Iacke Falstafte do in the dayes of villanie: thou seest I haue more flesh then another man, & therefore more frailty. You confesse the you pickt my pocket.

Prin. It appeares so, by the storie.

Fals. Hostesse, I forgive thee, goe make ready breakfast, loue thy husband, looke to thy seruantes, cherish thy ghests, thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified still: nay, prethee be gone.

Exit Hostesse.
Now, Hal, to the newes at court for the robbery, lad: how is that answered?

Prin.